THE

HISTORIES

OF

MORE CHILDREN than ONE;

OR,

Goodneſs better than *Beauty*.

"*From objects moſt minute and mean,*
"*A virtuous mind may morals glean.*"
And in this book the ways you'll find,
To gain the love of all mankind.

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HISTORIES

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE little book now presented to the public, has no other merit to boast, than that of being calculated to engage the *attention* of children, at the same time that it is totally free from the prejudicial nonsense of *Witches*,

Fairies, Fortune-Tellers, Love and *Marriage*, which too many are loaded with; and as far more *unintelligible*, are consequently less *interesting* to the *infant* reader than incidents relating to a *child*, a *plum-cake*, or a *rattle*; which as they have all been seen and felt, can be much better understood.

THE

THE

HISTORIES

OF

More Children than One.

CHAP. I.

JOHN and *Mary Striftup* were the son and daughter of Mr. *Joseph* and Mrs. *Mary Striftup*, who were both very good sort of people, and loved their children much too well to [illegible]

by letting them always have their own way, and do just as they pleased; but they taught them to be good, and to do as they were bidden, and behave as they should do; and if ever they were naughty, they were certain to be punished for it. One day little *John* was reading to his Mamma, and when he came to the word *thought*, he would not either spell it, or tell what it was without spelling it, but stood like a dunce with his book in his hand, crying and sobbing sadly. His Mamma was very kind, and very fond of him, and did not at all

like

ike the thought of puniſhing him,
but as ſhe was certain he could tell what
was, if he pleaſed, ſhe wiſely conſi-
ered how ſad a thing it would be to
et him continue ſo obſtinate, and

fore

fore told him, that unless he would be good, and spell the word, as he very well could, she would correct him in a manner he would not like. But instead of minding what was said, and doing as he was bidden, he was even naughty enough to say, that he *would not* spell it. If that is the case, said his Mamma, I must punish you, though I am sorry to be obliged to do it; and I think if you knew how much grief it gives me when you behave badly, you would never be naughty; for I love you dearly, and it distresses me greatly to do any thing to

you

you which you do not like; but naughty children muſt be corrected. She then took hold of his hand, and led him into the garden a great way from the houſe; where ſhe tied him (with a rope which had that ſame day been taken off from a ſugar loaf) to a tree, and there ſhe told him he ſhould ſtay without victuals or drink, and without going to-bed till he would be good and ſpell the word.

John cried and ſcreamed moſt violently, and tried all he could to get loose, but his Mamma had tied him ſo faſt as to prevent that; neither would ſhe let

him

him go, becauſe he cried. Any body would have thought, that if a little boy had been ſo fooliſh as to be naughty at firſt about his book, that he would be good as ſoon as he found his Mamma was angry with him; but little *John* continued his obſtinate fit till almoſt night.

He grew very hungry and wiſhed for ſome dinner, ſtill he was ſo ſilly as to ſay, he could *not* ſpell the word, though his Mamma very kindly went often to aſk him if he was ſorry he had been ſo naughty, and whether he would

be

be good? At laſt ſhe told him, that ſhe would not take the trouble to go any more to him; and unleſs he would call out to let her know he would be good, he ſhould ſtay there all night, ſo ſhe

walked

walked away and left him. For some little time longer he ſtaid in the ſame ill humour as he had been in all day. At laſt finding himſelf not only hungry, but alſo very much tired of ſtanding, and knowing that his Mamma would certainly keep her word, (for ſhe never deceived him) he began to call out as loud as he could, that he would be good, and that if ſhe would be ſo kind as to take the pains to come once more to him, and untie him, he would tell her directly that t, h, o, u, g, h, t, ſpell *thought*.

Mr

some Mrs. *Strictum*, who always wished to same see her children happy, and never pu- l day nished them but when she was obliged angry to it, to make them good, was very glad nding to hear that little *John* was at last be- would ginning to be sorry for his fault, and

went directly to him to hear what he had to say. When she came to him, *John!* said she, you desired me to come back to you once more: and to shew you how willing I am to oblige *you* I am come immediately, though it has given *me* much more trouble, than saying the word you were desired would have given *you*; but I love *you*, and therefore always try to please you: but you do not love *me*; if you did, you would not make me unhappy by being so naughty, for no children who love their parents will be wicked and obstinate. Indeed,

indeed,

nat he deed, Mamma, ſaid little *John* ſob-
him, ing, I do love you *dearly*, and did not
come hink about making you unhappy when
ſhew was obſtinate; I do not know why
you I was ſo, but I am ſure it was not for
has he ſake of giving you uneaſineſs; and as
ying you ſay it does make you unhappy, I will
have ry never to be naughty again. I am
fore ure I never will about ſuch a fooliſh
not hing as not telling a word when you
not ſk me; I beg your pardon for hav-
nty, n been ſo bad a boy, and hope you
nts will forgive me, and I will not be ſo
ed, obſtinate again.
ed,

I will

I will forgive with all my heart, ſaid his Mamma, now you confeſs your fault, and own you are ſorry for having been ſo naughty; for I aſſure you I do not find any pleaſure in puniſhing you. Children, if they will be naughty *muſt* be puniſhed? but I aſſure you, no parents *like* to do it, and it is only for their good that they take ſo much trouble.

She then untied him from the tree, and taking hold of his hand led him in doors, talking to him all the way about the crime that he had been guilty of, and trying to perſuade him never to

be

be ſo naughty again: for, ſaid ſhe, if you are, nobody will love you, or take any notice of you. I am ſure neither your Papa or I ſhall like to have you with us: and your dear ſiſter *Betſy* muſt never

her, and no. see her,
day long; yet that must be a
you are naughty; for no wicked child
must be with those who are good, for
fear of teaching them to be bad too.

Little *John* listened very attentively
to all his Mamma said to him; and
cried and sobbed so that he could scarce-
ly speak; but his crying was different
to those tears which he shed whilst tied
to the tree: for then he only cried and

roared.

pared from naughtineſs, whereas he ow wept from ſorrow that he had een ſo, and given his kind Mamma much diſtreſs and trouble.

When he got into the houſe, he ound his ſiſter *Betſy* eating ſome bread nd milk for her ſupper. As ſoon as e ſaw him, ſhe ran to him, and claſp- g her arms round his neck, ſhe in- uired where he had been all day? what had been about, that he had not ome to play with her as uſual?

O! *Betſy*, ſaid he, ſobbing, I have een very naughty, and do not deſerve

that

that you ſhould come to me, and kiſs and love me. Our good Mamma, was ſo kind in the morning as to take the pains to teach me to read, and I would not ſay the word *thought*, though I knew what it was all the time. Bu

indeed I am very ſorry, and will never be ſo bad a boy again. My Mamma has alſo given herſelf the trouble to puniſh me, to make me good; and that is the reaſon I have not been with you before, and now I do not deſerve to be taken notice of by ſuch a good girl as you are.

Betſy kiſſed him, and ſaid, She was very ſorry to hear he had been ſo naughty; but ſhe hoped he would never be ſo again: ſhe then aſked her Mamma, if ſhe would not permit him to have ſome ſupper?

Yes, said Mrs. *Strictum*, with all my heart, if he will be a good boy: and since he seems to be so sorry for his fault, I hope he will never commit it again, and then I am sure I do not want to punish him any more; for the whole use of punishment is to make children good; and when once they will grow good, there is no more occasion for it. She then desired the maid to give him some bread and milk; and after he had very humbly, and very earnestly asked her pardon, she kissed him, and forgave him, and let him go

o-bed. When he was there he could ot get to ſleep for ſome time; but lay hinking about his bad behaviour, and ried ſadly for the trouble and uneaſ- eſs he had given his poor Mamma.

What a naughty child, ſaid he to himſelf, have I been to-day? I have got a kind and good Papa and Mamma, who take care of me, and provide every thing that is proper for me: They not only ſpend their money and take the trouble to buy me victuals, and drink, and cloaths, but they alſo give me play-things, and try all ways they can to make me happy. I am but a little child, and could not tell what was proper to be done if they did not teach me; neither ſhould I ever know how to read when I am a man, if they were not ſo obli-

in

ing as to buy me books, and teach me how to uſe them. How very naughty than it is not to mind what ſuch good and wiſe friends ſay! And when my dear Mamma to-day left off work on purpoſe to hear me read, how fooliſh was I not to mind her, and ſpell as ſhe wanted me, and as well as I could! But I never will be ſo naughty again.

After he had talked in this manner for ſome time to himſelf, he ſhut his eyes and at laſt fell aſleep.

CHAP. II.

THE next morning as ſoon as little *John* was up, he took his book and read over his leſſon, that he might be quite perfect when his Mamma called him to read and ſpell to her, though he was almoſt afraid, as he had behaved ſo badly the day before, that ſhe would not trouble herſelf to teach him any more.

When Mrs. *Strictum* came down to breakfaſt, ſhe ſaid not one word about

his naughtineſs, but talked to him the ſame as uſual; and when breakfaſt was over ſhe took a ſpelling-book in her hand, and ſaid, Now I am ready to hear either of my children read who

has behaved well enough to *deserve* to be taught. Miss *Betsy* jumped up directly and ran to her Mamma; but *John* felt so conscious of not deserving to have any trouble taken with him, that he sat still on the stool without moving to her.

Mrs. *Strictum* observed his behaviour, but did not speak about it till after she had heard *Betsy* read and spell, which she did extremely well, and her Mamma promised to buy her some pretty new books, the next time she could go to Mr. *Marshall*'s.

After

After ſhe was returned to her ſeat Mrs. *Strictum* ſtill kept the book in her hand. And is there no other little child, ſaid ſhe, who *wiſhes* to be taught to read? Yes, Madam, ſaid *John*, I wiſh for it much, but you before ſaid, that thoſe who *deſerved* it, you would teach; and I am ſure I do not *deſerve* it, though I *wiſh* for it indeed. Well then, ſaid his Mamma, if you do *wiſh* to learn, I will once more take the trouble to teach you; and as you ſeem ſo ſenſible of your fault, I hope you will never commit the ſame, or any thing like it again: for you ſee

how ſilly it was to cry, and make your-ſelf ſo unhappy for nothing, and give me ſo much uneaſineſs and trouble, and oblige me to puniſh you becauſe you would be ſo obſtinate. Why could not you as well have ſaid the word *thought* at once, without ſo much vexation? Indeed, Madam, ſaid *John*, I do not know *why* I was ſo fooliſh; but I will not be ſo again. I hope not, replied his Mamma, for it was being very fooliſh indeed: it is a great deal of trouble to teach children to read; and inſtead of being obſtinate, and not telling the words, they ought

to

to take all the pains they poſſibly can to remember and learn quick, that their Mammas and friends, who are ſo kind as to inſtruct them, may have as little trouble as poſſible; for it is no pleaſure to hear a little boy or girl read: it is only for their good, and that they may not appear like great dunces when they are men and women, that their friends teach them whilſt they are young; for it would be a ſad thing to ſee a man or a woman not know how to ſpell; or if any body ſent them a book, or a letter, not to be able to read it; and yet that will

will be the caſe, if they will not take pains to learn and remember what is told them whilſt they are young.

Little *John* liſtened to all his Mamma ſaid to him, and then promiſed her he

would

would try and learn his book, and neither be obſtinate about that or any thing elſe again. And indeed he was as good as his word, for I never heard of his being naughty afterwards: on the contrary, he grew ſo good a boy, that not only his Papa and Mamma, but every body who ſaw him admired and loved him; and had it not been for the one ſad obſtinate fit I have been telling you of, he would have been the beſt child that ever was born; but to be ſure that was ſo bad an affair, that he could not be called quite ſo good as his ſiſter; who never was naughty at all.

They were neither of them very pret-
ty, but ſo good-humoured and civil
that people loved them much bette
than if they had been ever ſo handſom
without being good; for it is much
better to behave well, than to look
pretty. People's faces ſoon alter; when
they grow old nobody looks handſome
and then what is the uſe of having onc
for a little while been pretty? But good
neſs continues as long as people live
and will always gain the love and eſteem
of every one. For this reaſon Miſs an
Maſter *Strictum* were ſo much love

not only whilſt they were children, but alſo when they grew up; and gave great pleaſure to every body who knew them; and conſequently were very happy themſelves, which was far from being the caſe of Miſs and maſter *Bloomer*, their couſins, of whom you ſhall hear ſome account of in the next chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

MISS *Kitty*, and Maſter *Thomas Bloomer*, were the only children of Mr. and Mrs. *Bloomer*, who though they were good-natured people, had not reſolution enough to manage their children properly; but ſooner than contradict them and make them cry, would ſuffer them to have their own way in every thing, which certainly was very fooliſh: for if they would not tell them when they did wrong, and bid them not

do so from fear of making them cry, how could the poor children learn what was right, or even know how to behave themselves well? instead, therefore, of being good, cheerful, and happy, they were always crying and fretting; for they had never been taught, that it was naughty to fret for what they wanted.

And if they wished for any thing that was not proper for them to have, instead of telling them, that they could not have it, and must be contented without, their Papa and Mamma would take them in their laps and kiss them, and tell them

them not to cry, but think if there was nothing else they could get for them which would do as well.

Thus, instead of making them good they really taught them to be naughty

for as they were ſure of getting ſomething every time they cried, they were ſeldom an hour without fretting for one trifle or other. So that though their father and mother were fond of them, nobody elſe liked to be with them.

At firſt ſight every body admired them; for they were the prettieſt children that ever were ſeen, looked ſo pleaſant, and had ſuch roſy cheeks and nice curling hair and fine complexions, held up their heads ſo well, and moved ſo very gracefully, that they were much

taken

taken notice of; but no ſooner did any body come into their company, and ſee how they fretted and teazed, than they changed their opinions, and began to think them the moſt tireſome diſagree-

able

able children they knew. One day a lady went to ſee her Mamma with a gold watch by her ſide; which Miſs *Kitty* no ſooner obſerved, than ſhe began to want it, and aſked the lady, if ſhe

might

might not have it? No, my dear, ſaid Mrs. *Pleaſant* (for that was the lady's name) I cannot poſſibly part with it; beſides, I fancy if you had a watch, you would not know what uſe to make of it; ſhould you, my love? Yes, ſaid *Kitty*, I ſhould know what to do with it, I ſhould open and ſhut the caſe to make it ſnap, and I ſhould hold it to my ear to hear it tick, and I ſhould look at the pretty flowers on the outſide; ſo pray, Madam, give it me, for if you do not I am ſure I ſhall cry. I ſhould be ſorry that you ſhould ſo diſgrace yourſelf, Miſs

Kitty

Kitty, replied Mrs. *Pleaſant*, for I think it would be like a baby to cry for what you want; but indeed you muſt excuſe me giving it to you, for I want to keep it that I may know what o'clock it is, and when it is time to go home.

No ſooner had Mrs. *Pleaſant* done ſpeaking, than *Kitty* ran to her Mamma, and began to ſcream and cry as if ſhe had been terribly hurt. O! Mamma, ſaid ſhe, what ſhall I do? *ſhe* will not give me her watch! and I muſt have it! I ſhall never be happy without it! I *muſt* have it! I *will* have it! I *will* have it! and I never

never will leave off crying till I have it. Huſh! my dear, ſaid her Mamma, I beg you will not ſay ſo! pray try and ſtop your tears, for I cannot bear to ſee you

ſo uneaſy; be a good girl and you ſhall have

have a new doll: but watches, my dear, are not proper things for children, they coſt a great deal of money, and they would break them, but when you are a woman you ſhall have one, if now you will be contented with ſomething elſe. I will be contented with nothing elſe, replied Miſs *Kitty*; but a watch I *muſt* and *will* have, or elſe I will cry myſelf ſick; I ſhould be very ſorry indeed, ſaid her Mamma, that that ſhould be the caſe; ſooner than you ſhould be *ſick*, I am ſure you ſhall have a watch, let it coſt what it may; ſo pray dry up your

tears, and you ſhall have one the firſt opportunity I have to buy it.

After this promiſe of her mother, *Kitty* began to leave off crying, and once more got into a good-humour.

Soon after Maſter *Thomas* came into the room, and for ſome time played about, and looked moſt exceedingly pretty indeed. Mrs. *Pleaſant* took a great deal of notice of him, and was ſo kind as to play with him, and ſing a great many little ſongs to him. At laſt he took it into his head to want her fan; but ſhe was determined ſhe would not

give

give it to him becauſe he cried for it; and ſo, like his ſiſter, he began to roar, and ſay he *would* and he *muſt* have it! And his Mamma was again fooliſh enough to promiſe him, that he ſhould have one bought juſt like it.

After they had both, by crying prevailed upon their mother to let them have what they wanted, they began to wiſh for ſomething elſe, and nothing could ſatisfy *Thomas* but having his Papa's horſe brought into the parlour, for him to ride round the room. His Mamma tried to perſuade him not to want it;

but he would have his own way; and ſo the ſervant was told to bring it in.

Thomas was much pleaſed to have it;

but *Kitty* was afraid of it, and did not like it ſhould ſtay. She therefore began to

ſcream

ſcream and beg it might go out. Pray take it out! ſaid ſhe; it ſhall go out! it ſhall not ſtay! It ſhall ſtay! it ſhall not go! ſaid her brother. So both together ſcreaming it *ſhall* ſtay, and it *ſhall not* ſtay, they made ſuch a noiſe, that they quite frightened the horſe and he began to kick and prance, till he threw maſter *Thomas* off, and cut his head againſt the corner of a table: he then kicked up his heels and broke a fine large looking-glaſs into a thouſand pieces. After that he threw down a chair, in which lay two of *Kitty*'s dolls, and treading upon them, maſhed

them into atoms. After he had done all this miſchief, Mrs. *Bloomer* thought it time to ſend it away. Notwithſtanding *Thomas* cried and ſaid it ſhould not go.

As ſoon as the noiſe and buſtle was a little over, ſo that ſhe could be heard to ſpeak, Mrs. *Pleaſant* wiſhed them all a good night and went away, after having ſpent a very diſagreeble time diſturbed by ſuch crying naughty children.

As it was very early ſhe did not go directly home, but called to ſee Mrs. *Homeſpun*. She found her at work, and her little daughter *Polly* ſitting by her, making

making a cap for her doll, and her son *James* reading out of a new book his Papa had given him. As soon as Mrs. *Pleasant* entered the room, *James* put away his book, for he had been told it was not

civil to read in company, and he always remembered what was ſaid to him.

Miſs *Polly* likewiſe moved her ſeat out of the way, to make room for Mrs. *Pleaſant*, and behaved ſo prettily, that ſhe could not help thinking how much more agreeable, as well as more happy, they appeared than Miſs and Maſter *Bloomer*, although they were not half ſo handſome: indeed Miſs *Polly* had the misfortune to have but one eye, and to be very much marked with the ſmall-pox. Little *James* too was a very plain child, and had a frightful large mouth and flat noſe: but then

then they were ſo extremely good and civil to every body: and ſpoke ſo politely if they were aſked a queſtion, that every body who was acquainted with them loved them dearly: To be ſure, people who only ſaw them paſſing by, and did not know all their merits, took no notice of them. But when once they heard them ſpeak, and were in company with them, and found how well they always behaved, they then grew fond of them, and liked them much better than Miſs and Maſter *Bloomer*, for all they were ſo remarkably pretty.

Whilſt Mrs. *Pleaſant* was at Mrs. *Homeſpun*'s, ſhe took out her handkerchief, and whiſked out of her pocket at the ſame time a note. O dear! ſaid ſhe, I forgot to ſend this note to Mr. *Twiſt*'s, and it ought to have gone this morning. Maſter *James* directly ran and picked it up, and without being told to do ſo, ſaid, Pray Madam will you give me leave to carry it to Mr. *Twiſt*? He lives next door, and I may go as far as that by myſelf, and I am ſure I will take it with great pleaſure. Mrs. *Pleaſant* thanked him, and begged he would not trouble himſelf

himſelf. But he ſaid, he ſhould not think it any trouble, if ſhe would permit him to take it. His Mamma likewiſe deſiring he might have it, Mrs. *Pleaſant* gave it into his hand, and after making

a very

a very genteel bow he run with it to Mr. *Twiſt*'s, whom he found cutting out pictures for his own little children.

Mr. *Twiſt* aſked *James* to ſtay, and ſit down with them; but he ſaid he muſt beg to be excuſed, as his Mamma would expect him back again, and he would not make her uneaſy on any account If that is the caſe ſaid Mr. *Twiſt*, I will not aſk you to ſtay, for I ſhould be ſorry to perſuade you to do any thing wrong; but pray accept of a couple of pictures: there will be no harm in that, and I want to give you ſomething for being ſo good.

James

James thanked him, and ſaid, if he pleaſed, and if he could ſpare them, he had no objection to have them. Mr. *Twiſt* then gave him a fine large picture of a ſhip, and another of a cat and two kittens. *James* then very civilly thanked him,

and returned home. As ſoon as he got into the parlour he told Mrs. *Pleaſant* that he had delivered her note, but Mr. *Twiſt* had ſent no meſſage back. He then carried his pictures to his ſiſter, and deſired ſhe would chuſe which ſhe ſhould beſt like to have. Indeed, my dear brother, ſaid ſhe, I ſhall do no ſuch thing, I would not take one from you for ever ſo much; I am obliged to you for letting me look at them, but I beg you will keep them both. That, replied he, I promiſe you I ſhall not do, one of them you *muſt* have; and if you will not tell me which

which you chuſe, I ſhall give you the one I think you will like beſt; and as I know you are fond of cats you muſt oblige me, and except of Mrs. Puſs's picture, or if you like the ſhip better, pray tell me ſo, and you ſhall have that.

Polly thanked him for his preſent, and ſaid, ſhe much better liked the cats if ſhe muſt have one, but was ſorry to deprive him of either. He ſaid ſhe was very welcome, and kiſſing her, told her he loved her dearly, and would part with any thing to give her pleaſure. You are a kind good-natured brother, ſaid ſhe, and I am ſure I would do any thing, or give you any thing to pleaſe you. In this obliging polite manner did Miſs and Maſter *Home-ſpun* at all times behave to each other and every body they were acquainted with. When Mrs. *Plenſant* went home ſhe

ſhe told her family, that ſhe had been with, whilſt ſhe was out, the *prettieſt* little boy and girl ſhe had ever ſeen; and the *beſt* little boy and girl; and pray which had you rather have, a handſome child or a good child? A good child ſurely, ſaid Mr. *Pleaſant*. And ſo I had indeed, replied Mrs. *Pleaſant*; I always thought ſo, but had not before, this afternoon would have convinced me that being pretty does not make people agreeable, without they are likewiſe good. She then told him how Miſs *Kitty Bloomer* cried for her watch and Maſter *Thomas* for her fan, and afterwards

wards would have the horſe in the room, and what miſchief it did. In ſhort, ſaid ſhe they behaved ſo very diſagreeably that I would not live with them upon any account: and I am ſure if their parents do not inſtruct them better than they do at preſent, they will always be unhappy when they grow up, nor will they find any body chuſe to be with them becauſe they have handſome faces; for a pretty *picture* will do to *look* at; that is all they are good for; I am ſure I had much rather have a picture than be with ſuch fretful people. But I though

thought you told us, ſaid Mr. *Pleaſant*, you have ſeen the *beſt* little boy and girl, pray who are they? for I do not think Miſs and Maſter *Bloomer* ſeem to be ſo. No, replied Mrs. *Pleaſant*, it was not them, but little *James* and *Polly Home-ſpun*, who are good indeed. I wiſh you had been with me, for I am ſure it would have given you pleaſure to ſee how kind-ly and civilly they behave; and inſtead of crying and fretting, they appear ſo good-humoured and happy, that I am ſure every body muſt love them, and try all they can to amuſe and pleaſe them. I

remember

remember. ſeeing the little *Homeſpun*
ſaid Mrs. *Pleaſant*, they are very plai
children, are they not? and the girl ha
but one eye? I believe ſhe has that mis
fortune, replied Mrs. *Pleaſant*, but I too
very little notice of their faces, my at
tention was taken up with obſervin
their good behaviour and pretty manne
of ſpeaking, ſo that altogether I thin
them the moſt pleaſing children I know
I dare ſay they feel as happy as the
are good; for goodneſs is the only thin
that can make people comfortable, whe
ther they are children, or men and wo
men

men. A perſon may be very rich, or very handſome, but if he be croſs, and ill-tempered, he can never feel cheerful and happy. But though a perſon be poor and ugly, yet if he be good, and obliging, and kind, every body will love him, and like to be with him, and he will feel ſo contented and comfortable, that he would not change his own peace of mind for all the riches and beauty in the world. That certainly is very true, ſaid Mr. *Pleaſant*, and I knew an inſtance of a good man and a wicked one, who were happy and wretched, as you ſay they always be.

THE END.

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